

The Star.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1896.

NUMBER 35.

VOLUME 4.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD

9:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:28 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:20 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:26 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:00 p. m. for Erie.

9:30 a. m.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:27 p. m.—Train 3, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m.; Washington, 7:20 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:35 a. m.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 13 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:30 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 p. m. with Pullman cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 14 leaves Reno at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:26 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:30 a. m.; arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD.

P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
12:10	9:30	Ridgway	1:35	6:30
12:18	9:38	Island Run	1:43	6:38
12:26	9:46	Mill Haven	1:51	6:46
12:34	9:54	Croyland	1:59	6:54
12:42	10:02	Shorts Mills	2:07	7:02
12:50	10:10	Blue Rock	2:15	7:10
12:58	10:18	Vineyard Run	2:23	7:18
1:06	10:26	Carrier	2:31	7:26
1:14	10:34	Brookway Run	2:39	7:34
1:22	10:42	McMill Summit	2:47	7:42
1:30	10:50	Harveys Run	2:55	7:50
1:38	10:58	Falls Creek	3:03	7:58
1:46	11:06	DuBois	3:11	8:06

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 8, 7:15 a. m. Westward. Train 3, 11:34 a. m.

Train 6, 1:45 p. m. Train 10, 8:25 p. m.

Train 4, 7:30 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Punnatsaway and Big Run.

5:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:53 a. m.—Accommodation—For Skyes, Big Run and Punnatsaway.

1:20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Bechtel, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyes, Big Run, Punnatsaway and Walton.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McLESTER, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. R. G. MATHEWS, E. C. LAPEY, General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agent, Buffalo N. Y. Rochester N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	101	109
Bed Bank	10:45	4:40			
Lawsonburg	10:52	5:47			
New Bethlehem	11:30	5:25	5:12		
Ok Ridge	11:38	5:33	5:20		
Mayville	12:05	5:41	5:28		
Summersville	12:05	6:00	5:47		
Brookville	12:25	6:20	6:07		
Bell	12:31	6:26	6:13		
Fisher	1:05	6:50	6:37		
Reynoldsville	1:09	6:57	6:44		
Pancoat	1:08	7:05	6:52		
Falls Creek	1:25	7:25	7:09	10:55	1:26
DuBois	1:35	7:34	7:19	11:05	1:36
Sabula	1:48	7:47	7:32		
Wintersburg	1:59	7:58	7:34		
Brookfield	2:05	8:04	7:40		
Tyler	2:15	8:16	7:50		
Glen Fisher	2:26	8:27	8:01		
Bennetts	2:38	8:39	8:13		
Grant	2:50	8:54	8:28		
Driftwood	3:20	9:25	8:55		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	106	110
Driftwood	10:10	5:00	6:35		
Grant	10:27	5:22	7:06		
Bennetts	10:35	5:43	7:16		
Glen Fisher	11:00	5:59	7:33		
Tyler	11:30	6:10	7:44		
Brookfield	12:05	6:20	7:54		
Wintersburg	11:36	6:26	8:00		
Sabula	11:47	6:37	8:12		
DuBois	1:05	6:50	8:25	12:10	5:00
Falls Creek	1:26	7:20	8:32	12:30	5:10
Pancoat	1:34	7:28	8:40		
Reynoldsville	1:56	7:40	8:46		
Bennetts	1:56	7:40	8:46		
Bell	1:59	7:43	8:49		
Brookville	2:20	8:19	9:25		
Summersville	2:28	8:26	9:44		
Mayville	2:58	8:57	10:04		
Ok Ridge	3:08	9:05	10:16		
New Bethlehem	3:17	9:17	10:28		
Lawsonburg	3:27	9:27	10:38		
Bed Bank	4:00	10:00			

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID COARCO, Gen'l. Supt. J. B. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

HOW ICE IS LOADED.

METHOD OF CONVEYING IT FROM HOUSE TO SHIPBOARD.

Ingenious Elevators and Ropes Employed by the Large Pensacola River Concerns. A Great Deal of Labor Accomplished by a Few Hands.

An interesting operation is the loading of ice from the mammoth houses on the banks of the Pensacola into the large freight carriers that are almost constantly going up and down the river bearing heavy cargoes of frozen Pensacola to faroff ports.

From the top of the house the ice comes down in a most ingenious manner. An elevator is rigged outside the building, and on it the ice comes down by gravity. There is a counteracting force in a big weight that goes up when the load comes down, and vice versa. To the casual observer it looks as though the thing worked automatically. Two large blocks of ice are pushed out on the elevator and they descend. As soon as they slide off, back goes the elevator for another load, and this thing is kept up hour after hour. Careful observation, however, shows a strong wire that leads off some distance, and at the end of it sits a man, and the secret is out. True enough, the thing works itself, but it needs a guiding hand so that it won't work too fast. The movements of the elevator are controlled by a friction pulley. When the ice reaches the bottom and one cake slides off, the elevator would take a run up before the other came off were it not that the man on the end of the wire pulls a lever and the friction pulley acts at the top, and the elevator waits until the cargo is all off. Then the man releases the pulley and back goes the carriage, the heavy weight at the other end carrying it rapidly to the top.

From the elevator the ice slides into a run. In the center of that is an endless chain that it fitted with pronglike attachments at certain intervals, and as they come along they come up behind the cake of ice and carry it to its destination.

A short distance up the run is a planer, a simple contrivance that removes the snow ice and even the blocks so that they will pack nicely in the hold of the vessel. The cakes of ice pass serenely along, and when they come to the planer pass easily under it, but at the same time they lose two or three inches of their height. There is a provision in the contracts that provides for this, and they read that only an inch or inch and a half, or whatever the amount is, of snow ice shall be left on the cake, and therefore the planer.

Just beyond the planer is a man who gives the cake a quick pull that brings it ahead of the prong for a moment. A second look shows why this is done. By this quick movement the cake of ice is brought upon a pair of scales, and in the second's rest that it has before the prong on the chain gets along it is weighed and the figures placed upon the record that is being kept of the cargo. It is no small job to weigh the ice, for the cakes come along in rapid succession, and the weight has to be ascertained in the ordinary manner and the result put down before the next cake gets along.

From the scale the journey to the vessel is uninterrupted. The run is arranged so that it extends over the vessel to the hatchway, and the rise and fall of the tide are provided for by an arrangement that permits of the rising and falling of the run to correspond.

Perhaps the most ingenious thing of the whole system is that by which the ice is put in the hold. At the end of the run and directly over the hatchway is a strong frame, and in that there works a platform that goes up and down something like an elevator at the house. Two blocks of ice are slid upon it directly from the run, and the man who controls it releases a friction lever, and down it goes into the hold by its own weight, the speed being controlled by the man with the friction lever. The platform is suspended by four ropes that unwind from a cylinder as it descends, and at the same time another and larger rope that appears from a distance winds upon the cylinder.

When the load is off the platform in the hold, the friction lever is again loosened, and the rope that comes over the side of the vessel gets in its work by turning the drum the other way and quickly bringing the platform into its place. Out on the wharf at the other end of the big rope is another large weight, that does the work of pulling back the platform.

Away down in the hold the work of stowing the ice was progressing rapidly. The ice is simply packed together in as small a space as possible, and nothing is put around it, as many doubtless suppose. At the hatches, after the cargo is all in, a little hay is thrown, but with the exception of that there is nothing put about the ice to keep it from melting. Under the improved order of packing only from 10 to 15 per cent of the ice is melted, and at times not so much as that.—Bangor Commercial.

Redfield was the first meteorologist to prove that in all extensive severe storms a system of surface winds is blowing in toward a storm center.

Humboldt river, in Nevada, was named by Fremont in honor of Baron Humboldt.

ANECDOTES OF SPURGEON.

How the Great English Frencher Came to Be a Smoker.

SOME YEARS ago I was at a hotel in Paris, and to my great delight found Mr. Spurgeon one wet afternoon in the smoking room. He was attending a religious conference and was accompanied by a kind of bodyguard of elders and deacons, one or two of whom constantly watched him. Fortunately for me, none of them smoked, and when they mounted their usual watch he literally choked them off in a few minutes. I was therefore his sole audience on two or three occasions. I have known most of the good conversationalists and raconteurs of my time; but, except perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson, he was by far the best. I understand that a biography of Mr. Spurgeon has lately appeared, but I have not seen it and doubt if the author has preserved the following anecdote, which I venture to write down, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:

"You wouldn't guess what calling I wanted to follow. I wanted to be a whipper in of hounds. Yes, there was never a meet near where I was brought up without my attending, and many a long run I had, often across plowed fields, and many a time I was alone at the death. I could not do it now"—and then he looked at his ample waistcoat and laughed. I never heard a more pleasant laugh nor one more sympathetic and infectious. He continued:

"You wouldn't guess how I came to be a smoker. When I was 16, I went to my father and told him there was a vacancy, and that I should like to go in for it. 'A vacancy for what?' he asked. 'For a whipper in to the hounds, and I should be sure to get it.' He answered, very solemnly, 'Charles, my son, you should be a whipper in of souls,' and he sent me down into the Fen country to preach in the villages. When I came home, I developed a violent cold, with a good deal of fever and some twinges of rheumatism. I told my father all my experiences—how I had been received, how they had crowded in—but there was one thing in particular that I dwelt on.

"I had observed in every cottage that the old people sat in the chimney corners and that the table before me was ornamented with two long pipes, crossed, between two jars of tobacco and two hymnbooks. At one of these meetings, just as I was about to speak, an old man took up and filled a pipe, and then drawing a hot cinder from the fire proceeded to offer it to me. I gave him a look intended to wither him up, for I allowed no levity"—here another laugh.

"I see," said my father, "how you have acquired that heavy cold." When I was better, I started on another tour, but before I left home my father said in his most impressive tones, 'Charles, my son, if they fill and light a pipe for you, smoke it. If they don't, fill and light for yourself. And, in any case, don't keep them from their tobacco. In that climate and at this time of year smoking is your best protection against feverish colds.'"—London Realm.

A HARROWING EXPERIENCE.

Story of an Execution by Electricity Related on an Elevated Train.

They got on a crowded Sixth avenue elevated train at Fourteenth street, and every one looked at them because they were both young and both pretty. They talked together in audible tones, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and the other passengers listened to it all with great interest.

Suddenly one of them, the smaller one, turned to her companion and with a look of horror on her face asked:

"Oh, Win, did you ever see any one killed by electricity?"

"Gracious, no!" exclaimed the other. "I should hope not."

"I did," laconically rejoined the other.

"Why, Florence, what do you mean?" demanded her companion.

"Oh, it was terrible," replied Florence in all seriousness. "I never want to see anything like it again."

"How utterly ridiculous!" remarked her friend. "Whom did you ever see killed by electricity?"

"Why," replied Florence, an aggrieved expression coming over her face, "it was the other afternoon up in Harlem. I saw a cat run over by an electric car."

The other passengers tried not to smile, but it was too funny, considering that the girl meant every word she said. Neither girl noticed the amusement of the other passengers, however, and Florence doesn't know yet of the amusement the passengers got out of her harrowing experience.—New York Sun.

The salts in the ocean. The salts of the sea have fed, throughout all time, countless living things which have thronged its water, and whose remains now form the rocks of continents or lie spread in beds of unknown thickness over 66,000,000 square miles of the 148,000,000 square miles of the ocean's floor. They have lent the substance to build the fringing reefs of the land and all the coral islands of the sea, and there are at present, on the basis of an average salinity of 3 1/2 per cent in the 290,700,000 cubic miles of water which make up the oceans, 90,000,000,000,000 tons, or 10,178,000 cubic miles, of salt. This is sufficient to cover the area of all the lands of the earth with a uniform layer of salt to a depth of 1,000 feet.—Popular Science Monthly.

LENGTHY SNAKE STORY.

A Point in Dispute Which Is as Yet Awaiting Settlement.

A rather sunburned but good looking farmer made his way up to the snake editor's desk and stood there waiting to be heard. The snake editor looked up into his kindly face, with its faraway gaze, and smiled a welcome in spite of himself.

"Good morning," he said as pleasantly as if his visitor had money.

"How are you?" responded the visitor. "I'm from Montgomery county."

"Is that so?" greeted the editor.

"Yes, that's so," said the visitor, pulling up a chair and gazing far away.

"What I came in for," he went on murmuring, "was to ask you a question. You are the snake editor, they told me down stairs."

"That's right. What can I do for you?"

"I don't know. P'raps you can answer my question and p'raps you can't."

"What is it?"

"You're the man that Loudoun county's been posting on her snake crop, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, we've got snakes in Montgomery county, too, as well as they have in Loudoun."

"Do you want to get up a competitive exhibition?"

"Oh, no," he said, gently as a ring dove's coo. "I only want to tell how we are fixed on snakes just now in Montgomery and submit a question. You see, it's this way: We caught a snake on our place yesterday—or rather we partly did, for he ain't all caught yet, and—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the editor. "How can that be?"

"It's just the way we are doing it in Montgomery," said the visitor calmly.

"We found him coming out of a hole in the rocks, and there was 18 feet of him out of the hole at the time we seen him. The rest of him was p'nting under ground toward Loudoun, and judging from where we stopped him coming out, the other end of him will likely reach clear across the river over into Loudoun."

If he's all in Montgomery, it's all right, and we'll pull him on out, but if the biggest half of him is over on Loudoun and he's a Loudoun county snake, by gum, we propose to shove him back and let those Loudouners take care of their own. The question I want you to settle is which county ought to have the credit of the snake?"

The visitor's faraway look changed into one of pained perplexity, and the snake editor asked for further time.—Washington Star.

PIERCED THROUGH BY A DRILL.

The Iron Entered His Back and Came Out Through His Ribs.

They were discussing last night at a miners' boarding house the stabbing of Tom Lynch at the Butte hotel, and a number of the cases of a similar nature were brought up in which the injured men recovered and were as hearty as ever.

"The most remarkable case, though, that I ever heard of," said Jerry Harrigan, "was that of Pat Mulligan, with whom I worked for many a year. In June, 1881, Mulligan was working at the Gray Rock, when the shaft on that property was about 225 feet deep. Mulligan was one of the sinking crew, and one day the bucket which was used for taking out the waste and water was being hoisted to the surface. The bucket was almost filled with water, and the shaft men, unknown to the topman, put six dull drills in the bucket to be sent on top to be sharpened. The topman dumped the water in a trough at the collar of the shaft without closing the trapdoors on top, and one of the drills rolled out, struck the trough and fell off down the shaft. It was an inch drill about two feet long and weighed about six pounds.

"Mulligan was in a stooping position when the drill struck him. It hit him back of the shoulder blade, passed clean through the body, narrowly missing his heart, and partly emerged from between the ribs. Mulligan's horror-stricken companions in the shaft rushed to his assistance, and were about to pull the drill out from his back when Mulligan calmly seized the lower end of the drill from where it protruded, and by a great effort pulled it through his body and threw it down at his feet.

"It was a wonderful exhibition of strength and fortitude, but everybody who heard of the accident was confident that he could not survive. He hovered between life and death for about three weeks, and finally got apparently as well as ever. He worked for ten years in the mines of Butte and Granite, but finally met with a horrible death at the Anconada mine on Nov. 4, 1891, by falling with eight others from the cage while being hoisted from the mine.—Butte Inter Mountain.

The experience of failure is one that comes in a greater or less degree to every one at times, trying the metal and probing the character as no prosperity can do.—Victor Hugo.

It is only after one man tries to get something that the crowd who wouldn't have it as a gift strive for it.—Los Angeles Express.

For dandruff an excellent preparation is made of two ounces of powdered borax, an ounce of powdered camphor and two quarts of boiling water.

Crowning Moment of a Ship's Career.

A successful launch of a large vessel has been called the crowning moment of a shipbuilder's career.

Some one has said also that a launch is the most delicate part of a shipbuilder's work. It is very difficult to say what is the most delicate part of shipbuilding, for the simple reason that there doesn't seem to be any part of it that isn't delicate. No more complex machinery is made than the wonderful marine engine. No more carefully designed structure exists than the hull of a modern steamship. A launch is as much a matter of mathematics as any part of the work of building a ship, and perhaps it is because launches are always inspiring that they have been called the crowning occasions of shipbuilding.

It is only since the United States began to build a new navy that we have had launches of large vessels in this country. We have built so many fine warships that it was not unusually difficult for us to build merchant vessels of the first grade, and we have just finished two ships next in size to the two largest ships that are afloat in the world. Building these ships was a great achievement, however, and hence the ceremony of putting them into the water from dry land attracted great attention throughout the country and was attended in each case by thousands of spectators. They saw the picturesque side of each of these events. They saw the foam as the christening bottle of wine was broken upon the bow. They heard the cheers and shouts and helped to make them. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs as the ship began to glide down into the water, and each man almost held his breath until he saw her safe in the stream and acknowledging the plaudits of the multitude by making a graceful bow.—"Launching a Great Vessel," by Franklin Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

Exaggerated Industrialism.

Town and country succeed one another. The train passes at full speed over low bridges, spanning broad rivers which flow between forests—remains of forests rather—violated, massacred forests, whose vigorous vegetation still bears witness to the primitive splendor of this country before "the pale faced destroyer of forests" had set foot upon it. Rows upon rows of cottages, without gardens, without a single one of those little, open air drawing rooms in which the French citizen loves to saunter, pruning shears and watering pot in hand. But where shall Americans find the time to saunter, the time to watch the budding rose trees, to let themselves live? Their rose trees are those vast, ever multiplying factory chimneys. Their gardens are these houses, so rapidly built that a single generation sees them increase fivefold, tenfold and more.

In 1800 New Haven, through which we have just passed, had 5,000 inhabitants. Today it has 80,000 and its commerce is valued at more than 150,000,000 francs a year. A little way back it was Bridgeport, which last year put out 100,000,000 francs worth of sewing machines and carriages, or Hartford, where insurance companies have an aggregate capital of 700,000,000 francs. These figures become, as it were, concrete in view of this landscape, which they explain and with which they blend, so many are the steamboats in the most insignificant ports, the electric railways in the city streets, the factories in the country towns, and the advertisements, advertisements everywhere. I had taken out paper to make a general summary of the impressions of this first week. I cannot do it, so much is my attention absorbed by the medley of primitive scenery—so little removed from aboriginal wildness—and exaggerated industrialism.—Paul Bourget's "Outre Mer."

Why Dogs Bark.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America, Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the coyote, as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. The coyote never